

Gods Daily 180

Chapter 180: War Bear

War Bear let out a roar that seemed to come from the dawn of creation itself.

He slammed his massive shield forward, and the ancient runes carved across its face ignited in an instant, blazing with blinding golden divine light.

That shield became a burning mountain of gold, crashing into the lattice of spatial rifts that Silas had unleashed.

BOOM—!!

The impact was like two stars colliding above Eryndor City.

War Bear's godlike battle-axe followed immediately, ignoring the slicing sword-qi and hammering straight into the explosion's core!

KRAKOOOM!

And then—his speed increased again.

He tore through the zone of his own detonation, shield and axe whipping through the air like a tempest.

A suffocating storm of raw violence crashed toward Silas in a close-quarters assault that bent the very sky.

"Your arrogance blinds you! You've forgotten who truly rules this land!"

War Bear's roar thundered through the heavens as his golden axe fell like a meteor shower, tearing through Silas's web of blades.

Silas's white sword moved like wind and water, releasing pure-white arcs of sword-qi to sever the oncoming strikes.

But War Bear's blows were impossibly fast—beyond sight, beyond spirit-sense itself.

Even Silas's mind power felt a split-second of delay, a falter he had never experienced.

"Ignorance has rotted your mind, that you dare bare your sword before my Lord's throne!"

Step by step, War Bear pressed forward.

His mountainous body moved with impossible agility, threading through the chaos of sword-qi and explosions.

He drew closer, his axe carving golden trails that became a storm of death, shattering the layered sword-qi imbued with heaven's own will.

"Flattery and falsehood have deafened you—so you've forgotten how the word 'trash' is pronounced!"

His assault surged like the sea itself—wave after wave, ever stronger.

Silas's expression hardened, cold as iron.

"But my Lord calls you trash—then you are trash, through and through!"

Even Silas's sword trembled ever so slightly beneath the unending storm.

Each strike from War Bear was a blow of unrelenting, pure physical law, each swing obliterating the balance of Silas's rhythm.

There were no feints, no pauses, no defense—and no openings.

A grandmaster—a being who could crush armies—was forced onto the back foot by a warrior ranked beneath him.

Silas's form flickered through the air, retreating again and again, until at last he stopped high above the battlefield.

The white cruciform sword in his hand sang a piercing note—then transformed into a stream of light and merged into his body.

Silas brought his palms together. His ten fingers formed a complex, ancient sword seal.

Hummmm—!

An indescribable pressure burst outward from him, and in an instant, the sky was remade.

The heavens themselves bent into a Domain of the Sword, a realm of cutting law and supreme will.

More than half the combatants below were caught within its reach.

At the domain's heart, a hundred-meter-long white sword of pure law hung suspended, driven into the void like the axis of the world itself.

From the blazing sky, snow began to fall—each flake glinting with chilling, divine cold.

Before the great sword stood a colossal figure—a shadow of divine majesty, radiating authority beyond mortal measure. It was as though he alone was the truth of this realm.

Throughout Eryndor City, and even across the neighboring provinces, the flow of mana and air came to a crawl.

Time itself seemed to hesitate.

"Sword Aspect Manifestation—King of Snow, Silas!"

Cries of awe and terror rang from every direction.

Those caught within the domain—the young geniuses and their guardians alike—blanched, scrambling toward the edges, terrified of being shredded by the invisible threads of sword-law woven through the air.

As the Divine Aspect opened its eyes, two rays of law-forged swordlight flashed forth!

War Bear's descending golden axe met an immovable wall of divine radiance.

Shockwaves of gold and white tore through the heavens, but the mighty assault could not advance a single step.

The unstoppable force had met an unbreakable wall.

"It's Lord Silas's Snow Sword Domain—and his Divine Sword Aspect!"

Clement and Teresa looked up, their despair giving way to fierce hope.

Within that domain, even their mind power felt strengthened, nourished by the grandmaster's authority.

Aurek watched calmly.

The entire sky was now a kingdom of snow and blades.

The power there could annihilate an ordinary peak master in an instant.

This was the absolute suppression of a grandmaster's domain.

And yet—his eyes remained calm, even faintly expectant.

War Bear gazed upward into the snowfall.

He saw the cross-shaped sword that judged all beneath heaven.

And instead of fear—he laughed.

A booming, exultant roar split the clouds.

He threw his arms wide, as though to embrace the world.

Streams of golden light spiraled toward him, funneling into his back like rivers into the sea.

From the earth below, from the air itself—metallic essence, golden mana, and every hue of elemental energy were ripped from their natural flow and drawn to him.

Behind him, a colossal, four-armed giant rose from the ground.

Its face was stern and savage, its helm adorned with monstrous bull horns.

Each of its four arms blazed with divine power.

The sky exploded with gold.

The giant's radiance clashed head-on with Silas's realm of white snow and blades.

CLANG—!

Behind Silas, the hundred-meter sword of law shuddered.

Then it soared into the air, its edge blazing with annihilating frost.

It leveled itself toward the four-armed titan and struck.

That sword carried the entire rule of Silas's domain, a blow meant to pierce and obliterate any who defied the authority of his law.

Even the nearby Doomsday Warriors felt their mana freeze.

They scattered, unwilling to be caught in the collision of laws.

Everyone else fled as far as their legs or wings could take them.

The four-armed god-giant lifted its weapons in unison—a golden shield in one hand, three axes in the others.

With a roar that shook the heavens, it met the oncoming sword with all its might.

DOOOONG—!!!

Not the sharp clang of metal, but the deep, thunderous crash of two missiles colliding midair.

The sound rolled on and on, heavy and terrible.

The white sword's tip drove straight into the golden barrier's center.

Brilliant fire and lightning-like energy arced in every direction.

Cracks spidered across the golden wall like shattering ice.

They spread, deepened—splintering further with every heartbeat.

Aurek's brow arched slightly.

He took a single step forward and appeared above the battlefield, observing in silence.

At that very moment—

Sacco, his eyes blazing with vengeance, locked onto him.

"Aurek!"

"Die!"

The Solar Sword shrieked through the air, a beam of divine sunlight stabbing toward Aurek's back.

Sacco poured every ounce of his remaining strength into the strike, his own blood igniting along the blade.

Two nearby Domsday Warriors immediately turned to intercept him.

But behind Sacco, Teresa's longbow had already drawn to full tension.

The string twanged—two radiant arrows of pure powershot forth, forcing the Domsday Warriors to dodge aside.

At the same time, Clement charged from the flank, his S-grade holy crossblade gleaming as he roared, trying to carve open a window for Sacco's killing blow.

Aurek didn't even turn his head.

He merely cast a cold glance in their direction—

—and vanished.

His body blurred into pure light and shadow, slipping seamlessly into the folds of the void.

"No—!"

Teresa and Clement both felt a mortal dread crawl into their hearts.